

The COMMONWEAL

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Europe Threatened by Famine

THERE CAN no longer be any question that the peoples of at least five European countries—Belgium, France, Holland, Norway, Poland—are threatened with starvation not many months hence. The testimony of such courageous front-line relief workers as the Quakers, and of Ambassador Cudahy, Herbert Hoover and even British experts can no longer be ignored. Nazi Germany is obviously responsible for feeding the human beings in the territory she controls. Yet if Germany leaves those peoples—whose armed forces she has defeated and whose resources she has sequestered—to their own wretched material devices, that does not relieve the other nations of the world of the responsibility of taking action. In the face of convincing predictions of malnutrition and starvation Germany denies responsibility toward “enemy peoples” and shifts it to England on the basis that England lured them into war against the Reich. The British for their part refuse to allow shipments of food to the continent on the grounds that such supplies would help Germany directly or indirectly and gravely weaken the British blockade, the chief offensive weapon against the Axis. The war goes on; abandoned by both sides mil-

lions of powerless human creatures are threatened with starvation.

What has the United States with its bulging granaries and idle ships to say about this? And Latin-America with its huge surpluses of certain basic commodities? The latest report indicates that the State Department at Washington has no intention of asking the British to allow relief ships to pass through the blockade. This attitude might be changed by enough public sentiment developing for such a step. Mr. Hoover's plan, embodying as it does a German guarantee to compensate for all the food already seized in conquered territory, is undoubtedly overoptimistic, but surely an effective plan of distribution can be worked out as it was in Belgium in the last war. The organizations in charge can see to it that the food does not find its way into Germany. Yet this will help the Germans; it will weaken the British blockade. This is an unfortunate consequence, but it is distinctly preferable to the starvation of subject peoples caught between the grinding stones of two blockades. There are some means which cannot be resorted to regardless of the ends and surely wholesale starvation of civilian population is one of them. The United States is in a strong bargaining position in relation to hard-pressed Britain. And a demand that the blockade be lifted for this purpose would not be taking advantage to achieve some territorial gain or political right for national aggrandizement or prestige; it would be a just demand in the name of our common humanity.

Against Peace Time Conscription

THE BURKE-WADSWORTH peace time conscription bill, working close to a vote in the Senate when this was written, is obviously a long leap toward entry into the war. That is the primary thing about it, and it would be unrealistic to the verge of straight dishonesty seriously to say otherwise. For that reason, citizens and groups and periodicals, such as this one, that do not want to help get the United States into the war ought to oppose the draft law.

A conscription law such as this one naturally affects the whole realm of the country's life: political, economic, social, technical, educational, spiritual. Apart from lining the country up in a futile fashion in the current war, it is easy to see a lot of incidental good which could result from a compulsory service law. It is not possible to know how much these other goods are in the minds of Washington legislators, who certainly do not emphasize them. A great portion of the benefits, of course, would be those generally advocated by fascists (e.g., order, discipline, inculcation of a sense of duty, toughness, state economic control

and economic stimulation, etc.), benefits more generally minimized and suspected by democrats. Bishop Duffy of Buffalo and Senator Norris of Nebraska have pointed out the probabilities of the growth of dictatorship and totalitarianism threateningly involved.

But a draft is simply by definition and inevitable action the most important method of making the state organization a collectivized institution-for-war. At its most peaceable it is a policy adopted to conduct international "power politics" on an efficient mass basis, an arrangement to "meet force with force," to throw weight around the "balance of power." The enormous force America can mobilize will of course make other national forces reluctant to oppose our will and to chance an actual contest, but if we keep ourselves ready we will certainly sooner or later run into an opponent, and the more wholeheartedly we militarize our country, the less shy will we be about getting in the way.

Under present circumstances the more ethical and theoretical debates—about trying to abide by international rules of law or unequivocally asserting our power, about building up an international order to which nations submit or continuing the development of imperialistic sovereignties, etc.—play no part in directing action. The papers clearly tell the story, however roundabout and propagandistic and essentially dishonest is their way. The pressure is on to pass the draft and equally to join Britain in trying to "stop Hitler." The logical thing is to take these steps one at a time and it is more efficient to have the draft come first. If the draft is stopped now, then it will very likely come second. And the last step will most very likely be America's coming out of the war with America and England and Germany all faced with problems the war will intensify and not at all solve. Rabid nationalism and brutal totalitarianism will have been built up all over the world with all the passionate energies mobilized for war. Material, social and moral reconstruction, necessary everywhere now, will be faced by destroyed and exhausted peoples. . . . Before passing the draft, Congress ought to publish its war aims.—P. B.

The Unorganized Militia

ASSUMING for the moment that the United States is determined to make itself into a military force, one "strong enough to compel respect," there is the question of how this can best be done while yet retaining, in any real degree, that complex of liberties which we in theory declare ourselves determined to defend. In other words, if we are going to arm, what is the best way of doing it without letting the baby out with the bathwater? This is largely a practical and technical question the answer to which stems directly from the size of the territory we would defend. It seems that our present inclination is to defend the whole Western Hemisphere. The temper at least of the Senate was indicated by what happened to the Adams amendment to the bill authorizing the President to call up the National Guard for regular army duty. This bill limits the President's employment of the Guard to the Western Hemisphere. Senator Adams would have limited its employment, without further Congressional ap-

proval, to the US and its territorial possessions. Be it noted that Senator Adams did not object to our sending these troops to South America or Canada or Mexico; he merely wanted Congress to determine when we should do it. His amendment was defeated.

If, then, we are going to try to defend the entire hemisphere, what do we need for its defense? It might be much wiser not to try to do so much, but if we are set upon it, then the most irresponsible thing would be to make inadequate plans, which can so easily end in tragic slaughter. Congress, probably echoing public sentiment, has certainly made adequate provision for matériel. It is now up to the army and navy technicians to see to it that that matériel is good. Congress is presently considering the Burke-Wadsworth Bill to supply personnel wherewith to make that matériel effective. Apart from the question of the desirability of such a measure—a question scarcely being debated in Congress—there is grave doubt as to whether it is the best way to get what we want to get—a thoroughly efficient army of

FROM a proclamation by President Roosevelt, dated August 7, 1940: ". . . it is seemly that we should, at a time like this, pray to Almighty God for His blessing on our country and for the establishment of a just and permanent peace among all the nations of the world.

"Now, therefore, I, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do hereby set aside Sunday, September 8, 1940, as a day of prayer; and I urge the people of the United States, of all creeds and denominations, to pray on that day, in their churches or at their homes, on the high seas or wherever they may be, beseeching the Ruler of the Universe to bless our republic, to make us reverently grateful for our heritage and firm in its defense, and to grant to this land and to the troubled world a righteous, enduring peace."

THE COMMONWEAL for June 21, 1940, pointed to the long American tradition of such presidential calls to prayer, and quoted at length from similar proclamations through the years.

defense. It would seem that the present plan is to draw from the "unorganized militia" (every male citizen is *ipso facto* a militiaman) semi-annual groups of 400,000 men for training. Now if there is one quality essential for hemisphere defense it is an unprecedented degree of mobility—a readiness to concentrate adequate, efficient resistance at widely distant points with maximum speed. More and more that looks like a job for specialists—for career-men, for a permanent and adequately paid regular army. Especially is this the case in the light of the fact that no enemy can yet invade the hemisphere over night with large masses of troops.

In view of all this, and purely on the ground of efficiency, might it not be better to focus our efforts on increasing the size of the permanent, regular army, limiting our "citizen army" to a purely reserve function, training for which should be part of every able-bodied citizen's education? Such a scheme has many things to recommend it, not the least of which is that it does not lend itself particularly well to foreign adventures and imperialism.

H. L. B.

Recalcitrance by Industry

CONGRESS has appropriated magnificent sums for armaments; the President has installed a group of industrial experts in Washington to supervise the buying and see to the deliveries. Now we are told that a lot of the manufacturers won't take the government's orders. The situation is complex. Some of the things the government wants aren't things anyone else is likely to want, and that means a bigger risk for capital than is involved in most enterprises. Capital insists on a guarantee of some sort. Then again some manufacturers feel sure the wicked New Deal will try to take away with its left hand the profits accruing from orders given by its right. As soon as the government yielded on the "amortization" issue—in substance guaranteed the *capital* to be invested in new plants needed for making armaments—the boys insisted on a further assurance that their *profits* on the guaranteed investment be also guaranteed against taxation. It is all quite understandable, and to be expected. Wasn't profit—better business—one of the nice things promised by rearmament in the first place? The trouble seems to be that any rearmament on such a scale as the nation has now undertaken is not a normal, peace-time effort. It is a war effort, and its quick accomplishment can only be achieved by war measures. There is no such thing as a cheap war. If the government wants to get its arms, it will have to make up its mind to pay for them, however it does it, which unfortunately means that we will all have to pay for them in the long run.

More Unused Billions

THEY ESTIMATE that the United States Treasury has frozen into immobility more than two billion dollars in the country belonging to foreign governments and to citizens recently conquered by the Germans. It is significant that there is no very great stir over this money. The settlement of the problem can wait. We are used to seeing vast quantities of money lying around idle and useless. American treatment of the money fits in perfectly with the government's general policy toward the war.

The Treasury attitude was clarified by Secretary Morgenthau replying to a reporter who pointed out that although the US prevents dollars from reaching invaded countries, there is no limitation on sending dollars to Germany itself (in this country, that is; England no doubt does her best). "The answer is that we are not at war with Germany. There's nothing we can do about it. I know it doesn't make sense, but that's the fact." In other words, "everything short of war" is a viable policy only up to a point. The Treasury is straining at that point already. The withholding of their money from conquered governments and individuals is a hardship on them as much as it is on the Germans. Non-cooperation will be increasingly hard on this country too. If Britain falls shortly, the problem will immediately be multiplied chaotically. American policy rests now in a certainly unstable equilibrium. Sooner or later the country will have to follow Mr. Lindbergh's advice to the extent of accepting *de facto* conquests, or else it will have to go to war. In the long run, things somewhat have to "make sense."

No Appeasement for Appeasers

ENTERPRISING news purveyors have frequently done a better job of rooting out impolitic activities than have governmental agencies. Accordingly the nation was regaled last week by the squirmings of a nazi agent under the super spotlight of the press.

The facts brought to light were prosaic enough, except when the too delicate suspicions of the press led it to relieving humor. Dr. Gerhardt Alois Westrick came to the US in April as commercial counselor to the German Embassy. A prominent lawyer who often represented American firms in Germany, he proceeded to polish up old US friendships, *inter al.*, with Sosthenes Behn, president of International Tel & Tel, with James D. Mooney, General Motors foreign operations man, and with Torkild Rieber, chairman of the Texas (Texaco) Corporation. It was most natural for him to look up old connections, it is no less natural to suppose he talked of Germany's

case and tried to win friends and influence people. These men have old friendships or business they are forced to discuss with German lawyers and government representatives, but for their own good they should have been less mysterious, or else very much more so. Counselor Westrick's movements were characterized by understandable shyness. He was known to use the name Webster, and to claim employment with the Texaco company. Some of this proved embarrassing on an auto license application, and along with other inaccuracies (including the overlooking of a wooden leg) caused revocation of the license and much distressing publicity. In fact, Chairman Rieber has felt obliged to resign his post lest anti-Nazi Americans boycott Texaco gas. Altogether, the Westrick episode proved it difficult to hide the way the wind is blowing. What is courtesy, unemotional business, and appeasement is not clear, but the attitude of the papers and presumably of the public shows that the country's sentiments are not as neutral as the written laws. Dr. Westrick appears to be an important German sent over to maintain relations with important Americans. The public is wary of such things, and when the press grows suspicious even of Good Humour ice cream cards, it might be said to be almost over-wary. But the press is to be excused for a bit of extravagant sleuthing in exposing the case. When cyclones are raging nearby, it is good to know the direction of our own breezes.

The Plight of Hoboken, New Jersey

WHAT happens to an American city which has seen its economic heyday is convincingly intimated in a feature story in a recent issue of *PM*. Hoboken has never recovered from the first World War, which robbed it of the huge German shipping trade. And its terminus of the Lackawanna Railroad is no longer as bustling as it once was. The city had momentary if dubious recovery flashes when for a few months its nineteenth century theatrical revivals were all the rage and its speakeasies were crowded to the swinging doors, but the last twenty years have manifested an all too steady decline. Since 1920 Hoboken has lost more than a quarter of its population and those that are left—except for the dominating political machine—are having a pretty grim time of it. A recent WPA survey showed that 85 percent of the city's homes, apartments and tenements are over 30 years old. Taxes, however, are still going up and are nearly double the New York City rate today. Wages are low, relief allotments inadequate. Two years ago the Overseer of the Poor was killed by a man believed driven to desperation by poverty and official callousness. Even today *PM*'s reporters, who are old hands at getting a story, were unable to get

figures on local relief allotments and they intimate that there are a number of families deprived even of this meager aid because of opposition to the local political machine. Apparently only the heroic charity of the Sisters at St. Anthony's soup kitchen and the relief afforded by certain parishes keep much of the populace alive. Hoboken is also a spectacle of pencil factories and dismal garment shops, of buttons and other handwork farmed out to drab homes, of children playing in abandoned buildings, on unprotected streets. Do not the unwillingness or inability of city officials and local citizens to bring living conditions to a humanly decent minimum imply that state authorities should intervene? Even the federal government might properly increase its local wage-hour enforcement staff in so desperate a case.

Roosevelt—Willkie —The Fence

IN SPITE of their undoubted efficiency in testing public opinion, *THE COMMONWEAL* does not see why Dr. Gallup and the Lucepapers should have a monopoly on polls. By Dr. Gallup's own principles, a remarkably small sample will yield an accurate and interesting result so long as that sample is properly selected. Of course, *THE COMMONWEAL* did not enlist its contributing editors with the notion of setting up an ideal sample for discovering the opinions of Americans; but our contributing editors do represent a pretty good sample of thinking Americans, rather weighted in an intellectual direction. Two weeks ago we asked them to write us their views on the current political campaign, it being understood that their statements were to be written before Mr. Willkie's acceptance speech—in other words, before the campaign had really begun. Out of twenty-four of our contributing editors, we have received replies from all but five. Of the remaining nineteen, six preferred not to express any opinion at present.

It will be noted that the results, before the campaign begins, are 8 for Roosevelt, of which 3 at the outset claim the privilege of changing their minds—in other words, are a little uncertain. Of those who favor Roosevelt, 1—and seemingly the only one of all those expressing an opinion—seems to have voted for Landon in 1936. Mr. Willkie claims 2 warm adherents. Both presumably voted in favor of Roosevelt last time. And 3 have expressed themselves as being "on the fence."

Of course our fundamental reason for calling on our contributing editors was selfish: We wanted to know what they thought, because some of us are a bit on the fence ourselves. We know a lot of our readers are in the same uncomfortable position. Perhaps the answers will be of value to

Dead
End

them, as they are to us. And we do have one advantage over Dr. Gallup—in each case the reader can know exactly whose opinion he is reading.

Roosevelt

AT PRESENT I should vote for Mr. Roosevelt, although I do not approve of every thing he does, of all the people who surround him or of the third term precedent. Mr. Roosevelt seems fully conscious that this country is being swept along on the current of a world revolution, which must and should bring fundamental changes in our institutions, economic, social and administrative. To this he is adapting his domestic policy. He is also alive, not only to the greatest external peril which we have ever faced, but to the opportunity we have of making this country the main stronghold and armory of a civilization that goes back to Hellenic Greece, derives above all from Christianity and has been developed primarily among peoples of English speech, though not necessarily of British blood. To this he is adapting his foreign policy. I credit him with great experience, knowledge, courage, personal integrity and a gift for keeping patriotism and confidence active among a troubled people. He displays a genuine religious sense. Mr. Willkie seems to have abilities of a high order, especially as regards business; but he necessarily lacks any comparable experience and knowledge. Moreover, he and his supporters have given little evidence so far that they have practical methods for grappling with fundamental issues abroad or at home. For example, talk of "decentralizing industry" is attractive only until one remembers that it would involve state socialism and inquires how this is to be accepted by a party which vehemently repudiates much milder measures of governmental control over industry.

HERBERT C. F. BELL.

I FEEL it desirable to await developments in the presidential campaign before finally deciding as to my vote in this election. My present belief, however, which I may find reason to discard, is that the interests of the country will be best served by the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt.

The opposition to him has yet to offer a constructive policy that promises to be an improvement over that which now obtains. On the other hand, the type of support going to Mr. Willkie warrants the belief that what is in view is a return to a policy such as we knew in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover days. I am afraid that possibility is not one to develop any warmth of Republican partisanship on my part.

BARRY BYRNE.

IN MY OPINION Mr. Roosevelt is better qualified than Mr. Willkie to be President of the United States. I have not been in favor of everything the present administration has done or attempted to do. I do support Mr. Roosevelt, however, because of what he has done to overcome the mistakes of the preceding Republican administration—the bank failures, inadequate relief funds, the great number of home and farm foreclosures.

It is easy to point to Mr. Roosevelt's mistakes, for he has a long political record. It is not possible to see Mr.

Willkie's weaknesses or his strong qualities as a public figure for he has no comparable political "past." Mr. Willkie is obviously an intelligent and capable business executive. I should like to see his abilities as a statesman tested in some position less important than the one he is seeking.

RUTH BYRNS.

I WAS for Roosevelt in '36, and I am for Roosevelt in '40 because I believe that with all his imperfections and all the imperfections of his Party he still stands for the principle that government has a greater responsibility to the poor and oppressed than it has to the secure and well-heeled.

I am strongly opposed to Willkie because I believe that in spite of his honest face, engaging personality and semi-liberalism, he still stands for the Republican heresy of "classical economics," which tries vainly to rationalize low wages, high prices and high profits (alias underconsumption and over-saving—see Monsignor Ryan's article in August 9 COMMONWEAL).

Blasted by the Popes, this school of thought is based on the beloved old fallacy that you can have your cake and eat it too—or rather that the rich can have their cake and the poor will be able to pick up enough crumbs under the table to live happily ever after.

Although it has been blown into a thousand pieces a thousand times by economic history and common sense, this patently phoney theorizing is still being used to kid the public. If voted into power it will probably precipitate a depression that will finally wreck the American economic and political system and produce a fascist or communist dictatorship.

It must be clear that I have no alternative but to vote for Roosevelt.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE EXPRESSION of one's Presidential preference is a dangerous pastime, but I will hazard the statement that I most probably will cast my vote for President Roosevelt. I agree with the general tenor of his social philosophy even though I disagree with certain developments of that philosophy. It also seems to me that present events in the world today make it advisable to keep in office a President who is conversant with and opposed to certain objectionable European régimes. And I cannot get very much excited over the bugbear of the third term.

Another reason for my preference is my instinctive distrust of many of the groups who oppose and have opposed President Roosevelt. To me they represent the political thinking rampant in the days of Coolidge and Hoover.

I naturally reserve the right to change my mind, but. . .

MAURICE LAVANOUX.

MR. ROOSEVELT is preferable to me mainly by reason of the character of his general political aims. Mr. Roosevelt is a man born to wealth in a society where there has been an irresponsible concentration of the same resulting in the social problem of our times. Yet Mr. Roosevelt is distinguished by a sense of stewardship regarding wealth, which sense has been reflected in his policies. His so-called "interference with business" represents an

attempt to make corporate wealth more responsive to the common good through control by government, the custodian of the public welfare.

Mr. Willkie, on the contrary, comes of poor but aggressive stock and has gained eminence chiefly by making good at the major American concern and curse—the making of money in large amounts for a limited few—at a time when this had become especially difficult. Mr. Willkie objects to “big government” which he claims has superseded “big business,” as an evil. In effect he wants a return toward *laissez faire* liberalism. I hold his aims are wrong and so am unimpressed by his pledged fidelity to strictly traditional American methods in pursuing them. It was high time that American government became “untraditional” on the “positive” side under Mr. Roosevelt. Another decade of “negative” (*laissez faire*) government would have produced such a mess that the whole American system would have been junked overnight for some sort of dictatorship.

In short, Mr. Roosevelt's ends are satisfactory, though I avow that the means he has sponsored at times have been highly questionable. Mr. Willkie's aims are unsatisfactory and hence I am uninterested in the means thereto proposed by him. A few profound students of politics whom I know would fill the presidency far better than either, but, alas, they have no chance of being elected. So I take the best I can get—Mr. Roosevelt.

HARRY MC NEILL.

MR. ROOSEVELT should be reelected because he is the representative man of our time, our country and our system of values. His representative character has been constantly revealed by his swiftness in grasping the inner structure of domestic and foreign critical events and his sureness in matching them with practical, humane and lasting measures. He has faced and in large degree overcome vast problems concerned with starvation, unemployment, widespread moral and economic bankruptcy, tax evasion, unscrupulous stock jobbing, labor-capital disorder, failing banks, undernourished farm populations, flood, drought and thousands of similar conditions. His defense program which has met with universal approval is no more admirable than his earlier accomplishments. Under the guidance of this truly great man our country will continue to be free, orderly and secure.

Of Mr. Willkie little can be said beyond the fact that he is a personable ex-Democrat without experience in large affairs involving human life and human values. He is unrepresentative of the American people. He knows this himself and in his naïve way he even boasts that he is without ties or commitments to anyone.

We shall hear little of the third term argument. The people know it to be rubbish. The draft of Mr. Roosevelt by the Democrats was inevitable for domestic reasons. The foreign war had the effect of removing from his area of choice the right to reject the call of his party.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

I AM FOR ROOSEVELT. Lincoln said, “It is not a good thing to change horses while fording a stream.” The President has shown his liberal viewpoint, above mere

partisanship, by his appointment of Knox and Stimson.

There is a very real issue in this campaign. It is the rallying of all parties to the defense of the country.

This represents a real change from my views in the last presidential election. At that time there was already uneasiness over the state of the country, but the danger which now threatens us had not shaped itself, as it has now.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Willkie

MR. WILLKIE very early in this business seemed to me a figure familiar and reassuring to lifelong Democratic principles. It is indeed understandable that the Republicans should not have wanted him. He simply does not share the Republican belief (which I do not mean to deride, for it is held by numbers of honest and patriotic people) that general prosperity seeps down from great single aggregations of gains. All the better then the fact, not so characteristic of Democratic experience, that he understands business, and the further fact that he is sturdily loyal to his associations with it. What is constructive in the New Deal is patently congenial to Mr. Willkie's own convictions. What has become (perhaps by unwilling, inevitable development) divine-rightish in the New Deal is, beyond question, repugnant to Mr. Willkie's convictions. The awakening of the national conscience originally achieved through Mr. Roosevelt's vision and courage—the thing for which, it seems certain, he will live in history—is by every sign that may fairly be demanded a condition Mr. Willkie spontaneously endorses and plans to build upon. But he has an instinct for the significance of the individual and of the particular unit in the pattern of the whole that Mr. Roosevelt seems not, or seems no longer, to possess. Mr. Willkie, in a word, has the American technique. If he is chosen, he may be expected to go back, roughly, to 1936, and on from there. He will doubtless make his own mistakes. But he is so really first-class—able, shrewd, honest, unconfused and liberal—that with him our chances for balanced recovery at home and sanity in foreign relations seem better than with anyone else now in sight.

MARY KOLARS.

I INTEND to vote for Mr. Willkie in November for two reasons. I like the Republican candidate and the common sense, grass roots type of democracy he represents. A thoroughly experienced business man is sorely needed to direct the national defense program. There should be an immediate moratorium on oratory. Results, when achieved, will speak for themselves. Thus far we have admirably succeeded in antagonizing every nation on earth, with the possible exception of the Eskimos, and yet are prepared to defend our homes and our lives against totalitarian aggression only with guns, planes and tanks “on order.” My second reason is that I have lost faith completely in Mr. Roosevelt, for whom I voted in 1936, and in the New Deal. Given another four years to entrench themselves firmly in power, Mr. Roosevelt and his bureaucrats will never be dislodged. From time to time the American people, for the sake of appearances, may be

called upon to ratify the plans and programs of the totalitarians in Washington by a "yes" plebiscite; but our American democratic system will have been interred with Washington at Mount Vernon and with Jefferson at Monticello. The dominant issue in this campaign is the Willkie type of democracy versus a totalitarian collectivist system that is a fundamental denial of every democratic tradition of the past 150 years. Mr. Roosevelt is not indispensable. His personal lust for power should be decisively repudiated by all genuine believers in the American way of life.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

Fence

I CAN answer your request for my opinion concerning the candidates for the forthcoming presidential election by saying that I am now on the fence. I have never been wholeheartedly committed to either party, but I do have a strong distaste for the type of Republicanism that flourished in the nineteen twenties. I voted for Roosevelt at the last two elections because I believed that he headed a movement aimed at making America more democratic than it has been for many years past. I believe in the wisdom of many of the reforms which he inaugurated even though some have been carried out wastefully and with an eye to politics rather than statesmanship. I have felt the latter even more strongly during the past year, but I have been buoyed up by the knowledge that we had at least one man in the country whose vision carried beyond the Ambrose Channel Lightship. Then came the Democratic convention and what had appeared to be a foreign policy faded into a political mist. Why not vote for Willkie? I feel like doing so now. His nomination was inspiring in that it appeared to represent popular will as against party bosses. What he has said so far sounds good, but I want to know a great deal more about him. I believe I am actually open-minded. I am waiting for the campaign to get under way before I make up my mind.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

SINCE the Republican Convention, it has seemed personally advisable for me to postpone any decision in regard to my vote in November. Since events occur so rapidly today, I think one might better await a time much nearer the election for finality. Now we can appraise Mr. Roosevelt with confidence in our facts; Mr. Willkie, to a great extent, needs some proving. The latter's nomination was a credit to the rank and file of Republicans, if not to their politicians. Had any other previously mentioned candidate won in Philadelphia, I believe the election would then and there have been settled in favor of the President. But I do want to know more definitely by his own public statements very much more of Willkie's position on the numerous problems of the day.

There are highly important issues in this campaign—issues which are not too well joined in platforms that are no more, no less, evasive than such documents usually are. There is foremost in many people's mind the issues of the third term. In normal times, I think that limitation on Presidential tenure is advisable under our system of government. The preservation of the social advances made

by the New Deal seems to me essential and may or may not be an issue; but if these were threatened, the argument against Roosevelt's re-election would be weakened. I still think it uncertain just how wholeheartedly Willkie accepts these principles and I would insist on just such acceptance. Unquestionably, vast improvement in application and administration can be made. It may well be that another equally sincere can do a better job in those fields—too often the zealot for right is a poor agent of effective resolution.

In our foreign policy for once Mr. Roosevelt has been not ahead of but behind public opinion, and such policy will remain a campaign issue unless Willkie sees eye to eye with the President. The Republican candidate has yet to give us explicit assurances of his position and if it proves to be one which would please Berlin and Rome, then he will alienate many sympathizers. Another factor in the election which must be examined is the cooperation which, in a new spirit of national unity as intense as it can be short of an actual state of war, can be established between government and business. And as a life-long Democrat who has rejoiced in the successes of Secretary Hull's trade policies, I need more from Mr. Willkie to dissipate my suspicions of a party which climaxed its protectionism by the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Bill.

Of course, I would be at present much more determined in my attitude toward the President had I not found the pre-nomination maneuverings of his palace guard so obnoxious. Mr. Roosevelt is noted as a consummate politician but there have been many occasions when he has employed the politician's tricks too frequently for my taste. However I do not want to be in a position of turning down one man, whose virtues and faults I can weigh in the balance, for another as yet still incompletely known.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

EVEN NOW, when democracy is bleeding from its own internal wounds and the totalitarian attacks from without, it is still so much abused that in its name attempts are being made to destroy it, like that other much abused reality, *the people*, in the name of which they are also being destroyed. As monopoly-capitalists appropriated such religious terms as "conversion" and "redemption" for stocks and bonds, so today they manipulate the current terms "people" and "democracy." The "people," according to the big ads, want certain gadgets, and the cry is also raised that "the people want Willkie," at least those whose passes got them into the convention's galleries. At the other extreme, the "people" are only those in shirt sleeves, and, as a columnist recently discovered, on roller skates—a hangover of the Rousseauist romanticism which disguises a not-too-subtle condescension. Willkie's Indiana charm and touseled hair do not cover up his big utilities fight against the New Deal. Roosevelt's smile these difficult days is pulling in opposite directions, and until there are more definite signs that he intends to preserve and extend the painfully acquired gains of the New Deal, without which there can be no real defense of democracy by all our people, my ballot X remains a ?.

EMMANUEL CHAPMAN.

It Was a Good Dinner

Summer in the city is hard, particularly in poor neighborhoods.

By Dorothy Day

IN SUMMER it is hard. Everybody goes away on vacations and those who can't go away are sending others away. Students have finished paying expenses for one year and are looking forward to paying expenses for another year at school. Nobody has any money, especially those who want to help, who are the most generous.

I don't know how we could make out if it were not for the free vegetables we are getting this summer. Free rolls and cakes too. We go on charging our coffee, sugar and milk, and a great supply of bread, 250 pounds a day. And of course we have to buy meat. Once in a while we can get a supply of fish from the Fulton Market, a barrelful at a time, and then the cleaning takes place in the back yard, and if it is fish with roe in it we fry up the roe and there is an afternoon tea-party with fish-roe sandwiches, everybody prowling around like cats, licking their chops.

It is fun cleaning the fish in the courtyard between the houses. A long table is brought out and everybody who can find a knife joins in. We have to cook the entire barrelful and everyone has to eat as much as he can. It would be dangerous to keep it, as our icebox never seems to get very cold. The difficulty is to get fat to fry the fish. It takes a lot of lard to fry a barrelful. But oh, the smell while it is cooking! It is enough to reconcile one to the other smells which hang over the backyard for a few days after.

Meat is a scarcity, however. Once this summer we had a ham which a kind friend brought in, and even slicing it very small it was hard to make it go round to one hundred and twenty-five people. None of the fellows who were cooking in the kitchen had any. I came up at the tail end of the dinner. Stanley Vishnewsky had finished the spiritual reading, "In the Footsteps of Saint Francis," and was sitting down to a meatless plate. The boys had saved a piece for me and there was applesauce and mashed potatoes besides. Oblivious to Stanley's lack I was digging in with great enjoyment.

And then there came a wail from the kitchen. "No meat for me? And I've been working all day! I don't see how everybody else rates meat, and not me. Those that hang around and do nothing get the best food, and me, I went on an errand and so I get left."

The querulous tones went on. The fellow came in, looking sadly at his plate; slammed it on the table and sat down. "I been smelling that all afternoon, too. I just *wanted* a piece of ham."

I offered him half of mine, Ed Kelleher, who used to be a house detective, and a gentle, holy soul he is, too, offered him his.

"I don't eat off nobody's plate," the hungry one said. "But I did want a piece of that ham." A great tear rolled down his nose.

It is incidents like this that break your heart, sometimes. There is never enough food to go around. The pots are always being scraped so clean it is a wonder the enamel doesn't come off. There never is anything in the Electrolux ice box we bought for fifty dollars from the baker around the corner, five dollars down and five dollars once in a while. He gives us a lot of free bread and rolls, too.

Meals are so important. The disciples knew Christ in the breaking of bread. We know Christ in each other in the breaking of bread. It is the closest we can ever come to each other, sitting down and eating together. It is unbelievably, poignantly intimate.

A good supper

Last night we had a very good supper. John Kernan and Duncan Chisholm have charge of the kitchen and Shorty is the *sous-chef*. They also have as assistants John Monaghan and Jim O'Hearn. They take charge of the lunch and dinner every day, and another staff, under Peter Clark, takes charge of the eight hundred on the bread line each morning. These hot days nobody wants anything but bread and coffee, and the bread is pumpernickel or rye, good and substantial.

I read some place, I think it was in one of these ten-cent-store children's books on "Wheat," that the gluten in wheat is the nearest thing to human flesh. And it was wheat that Christ chose when He left us His presence on our altars!

Lunch is always simple, a huge vegetable soup and bread. We make about twenty gallons, and it does a thorough job of heating the kitchen these broiling days.

Supper is more elaborate—sometimes we say "dinner." Last week, thanks to a Long Island farmer and the priest who sent him to us, we

had a good vegetable supper—potatoes, beets, carrots, cabbage. We had to buy the potatoes of him at seventy-five cents a bushel, but the rest came free. By Sunday we had run out of cabbage and carrots so we had potatoes and beets. As it was Sunday, we had got fifteen pounds of chopped meat, at fifteen cents a pound, and made a meat loaf. There was a goodly amount of bread mixed with it.

Gravies

John is a genius at making gravies. I doubt the Waldorf-Astoria has better gravies than we do. It was so good a meal, and everybody was so hungry, not having eaten all day, what with the heat, that I became consumed with anxiety as to whether the food was going to stretch for all. The back court seemed to be full of men and women and there were even some children. One woman had walked all the way down from Fifteenth Street with her two-year-old to have a hot meal. Her gas and electric had been turned off and she could not cook. She is on relief and never seems to catch up, she says.

Little Billy ran around the dining room disrupting things between bites, so we moved mother and child out to the kitchen to finish their meal so the line could go on. We can't seat more than twenty-five and there have to be six sittings. I had finished early and begun hovering over the pots on the stove. John kept counting the men on the line. "Thirty-six more to go," he groaned as he sliced down the last of the meat loaf. Soon he was putting the scraps in the gravy and began contemplating *that*.

"Get me the gravy-stretcher," he called to Shorty; and Shorty, always willing, began to scurry about the kitchen, proffering him one utensil after another. (I one day asked Shorty if he had any relatives, and he said mournfully, "I had a mother once.")

Finally it dawned on him that it was a bit more hot water John wanted to stretch the gravy with, and he brought it. Then a bowlful of boiled potatoes was discovered and they were peeled and dumped into the frying-pans. John believes in having things nice.

"Eighteen left to go," Monaghan said as he leaned out the window and looked. And then suddenly five more women, from the Salvation Army hotel on Rivington Street, came in and threw our calculations out again. (Women are always served first and the men step to one side to let them get by.)

"Eight more coming up," and by this time the mashed potatoes were gone and fried potatoes were being dished up.

Thank God there was still plenty of good gravy, and there were some chunks of meat in it too. Not a speck came back on the plates.

They were all wiped clean with bits of bread.

And then the last one was served, and there was exactly one helping left! The dishes were being done as we went along, the pots were all cleaned, and there remained only the tables to swab off and the kitchen and dining room to sweep, and we were done.

The one helping was put away in the icebox (and Julia came in around ten and had not eaten since lunch); and then everyone went out of the hot house to the street, where all the neighbors sit in rows along the house-fronts and along the curb and there are card games going on all the long evening.

Down the street the children had turned on a fire hydrant and flung a barrel over it, a headless barrel, and the water cascaded into the air thirty feet like a fountain. The sound was pleasant and so were the cheers of the children as they rushed through the deluge. Little boys paddled "boats" in the rushing curb-streams. Shopkeepers deflected the water onto their sidewalks and began sweeping, and mothers moved their baby carriages out of the flood. All the little boys and some of the little girls got their feet soaked.

Down the street came a singer with his accordion and the happy sound of Italian love songs accompanied the rushing sound of our sudden city streams.

John and Jim of the kitchen sat and rested and there was a look of happy content on their faces. They are both jobless, and are volunteers in the work of our Catholic Worker Community; there is war in the world and they are faced with conscription and little else in the way of security for the future. But it was a fine happy evening and it had been a very good meal.

Carrier Pigeon

Up, up, into unlimitable spaces
Climb those white wings we tossed—
Above the circle of watching faces
And roofs slow smoke had crossed—
To level off in flight and fade
Into the distance while we stir
Again, and no one is afraid
The message will be lost
Or that swift messenger.

The lonely course is clear and certain
For its brave heart that goes,
Though mists hang many a ghostly curtain,
To what it loves and knows.
And we are heartened as we stand
Once more beneath the empty skies,
Knowing the bird that left the hand
Bears something to disclose
To yet unseeing eyes.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

The Key to the Americas

What is the problem of hemisphere defense and how can it be solved?

By Captain Joseph A. Gainard with Hartley Howe

THE HAVANA CONFERENCE of the Foreign Ministers of the American Republics has ended, leaving the Cuban capital to drowse under the summer sun and the rest of us to wonder how much was really accomplished there. There can be no question but that some of the Havana work was highly significant. The Act of Havana, which is a resolution declaring the united opposition of the Americas to the extension of European territorial holdings in this hemisphere, is certainly important. So is the accompanying Convention of Havana, which sets up machinery for the collective administration of any European possession threatened by a transfer of sovereignty. Another important step taken at Havana was embodied in a series of resolutions urging cooperation against fifth columns and general subversive activities.

No one can deny that these moves can be important steps in meeting the menace of Axis penetration of this hemisphere. But before this is true, the legislatures of the various republics must pass laws carrying them out and the executives must energetically enforce these laws. Whether these steps are to be taken depends, in my opinion, upon the amount of energy which is spent upon yet another Havana declaration. This provides that any attack upon any American state would be considered an attack upon all of the states signing the declaration, and urges that "all the signatory nations, or two or more of them, according to circumstances, shall proceed to negotiate the necessary complementary agreements so as to organize cooperation for defense and the assistance they will lend each other in the event of aggressions such as those referred to in this declaration."

Here is the key-point. Carry this out, and Havana will really be an historic landmark in Pan-American history: leave it undone, and there is grave danger that the resolutions of Havana will pass into the limbo of forgotten scraps of paper.

The German method of aggression combines economic and military pressure. But it is evident that the American nations will have a chance to resist economic penetration if they are secure behind invasion-proof defenses—while no system of economic protection will long endure if the

Axis is able by threats of military action to force individual nations to break the pacts.

The Plate

When we come to survey the Americas to find the points vulnerable to attack, there is one region which sticks out like a sore thumb: the Plate Estuary in general and the Republic of Uruguay in particular. Here are three nations, Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, with rich resources, comparatively small populations, and almost no defenses. Here is the portion of the hemisphere closest to the potential Axis bases in Africa—and furthest from the protection of the United States fleet. Here are millions of German and Italian settlers, ripe subjects for fascist propaganda. Here are ambitious politicians, fascist-minded professors and army officers, idealistic students; ripe for recruiting into a fifth column. And here are ancient nationalist rivalries to hinder cooperation in a defense program. Here, in fact, is a juicy melon, ripe for the Axis plucking.

And in all this southeastern coast the most vulnerable point is Uruguay. It is the smallest nation in the region, practically without a navy, and with an army so small that it could be easily crushed by a few mechanized troops. It lies between strong Axis colonies in southern Brazil and northern Argentina. And once Uruguay falls to Axis control, Argentina and Brazil—much more able to resist a frontal attack—are virtually at the mercy of the invaders.

Recent press reports from the tiny republic show that the Axis is well aware of Uruguay's potential value in an invasion of this hemisphere. Late in the spring, an investigation by a committee of the Uruguayan Congress disclosed a well-organized German plot, apparently instigated by German diplomats, for a rising to seize the republic. Nazi "stutzpunkts" or support points have been found in a number of places; notably on the borders opposite Brazilian and Argentine towns where nazi sympathizers are strong. Caches of arms and ammunition have been uncovered. At the home of Arnulf Fuhrmann, believed the leader of the movement, police found a draft of a plan to capture Uruguay. It is understood that the plot called for using Salto, just across the Uruguay River from the Argentine province of

Entre Rios, as a base for an attack on other South American countries.

Discovery of the nazi scheme was followed closely by the revelation of another plot involving local fifth columnists. This was uncovered by the Brazilian government which warned her southern neighbor, shipped in arms to help the Uruguayan defense measures and mobilized her troops along the border. The Uruguayan authorities acted energetically on their own behalf, posting troops at railroad stations, lighthouses, barracks, power plants and other vital points. The backers of the revolt, said to include three prominent Uruguayan politicians, were cowed by this evidence of governmental preparedness and by the presence of the United States cruiser *Quincy*.

South American predicament

The paradoxical actions of the Uruguayan government in these crises strikingly illuminate the predicament in which the South American nations find themselves. Prompt measures were taken to guard strategic areas. A cabinet minister was forced to resign on charges of incompetence brought out in the investigation. But, at the same time, the nazi leaders who had been arrested during the investigation were released, and the probe itself ended while its work was still unfinished. Furthermore, the Uruguayan government decided not to send a report of its findings to the other South American republics—a move which had been hoped for as a link in anti-fascist cooperation.

There can be no question but that Uruguay is strongly anti-Axis. Popular feeling is shown by the tremendous success of a drive to recruit men for voluntary military service; over twenty thousand have enrolled in Montevideo alone. But Uruguay is a small nation. It has no assurance that its neighbors would actually move to protect it from invasion—or that if they did, that they would be strong enough to do any good. The United States is far away—and also bound by no definite military pact. These things being so, the government has been forced to yield to German protests and release men known to have plotted against the government.

Let us see the mechanism of an Axis invasion of this area. The activities of the local German-Italian colonies and the fifth column sympathizers we have already described. Let me add only that Argentina has already seen turbulent demonstrations by Axis followers, although in Brazil they are in momentary eclipse following an unsuccessful putsch against President Vargas a couple of years ago. It seems to be well established that nazi activities in all of these countries are led by men chosen and trained by Wilhelm Bohle, director of the Academy of German Policy. An

attempted *coup d'état* may come at any time—particularly if the Axis becomes anxious to divert US attention from helping Britain to hold out. However, the situation does not become really dangerous until there is an actual invasion by nazi forces from overseas.

This is impossible so long as the British fleet controls the eastern Atlantic. But if Britain falls and the Axis becomes supreme in European waters, all of Africa will come under her control—and Africa offers many bases from which an attack on South America could be launched. The Cape Verde and Canary Islands, Madeira, Dakar, Freetown might all be used to assemble a fleet against Brazil. A direct attack on southern Argentina might be based on Capetown and Walvis Bay, with Tristan Da Cunha and the Falkland Islands possibly seized for advanced stations. It is worth noting that it is but little farther from the nearest points in northern Africa to Brazil than from Bremen to Narvik—an ominous measure of distance.

The opening move

The opening move would probably be an attempted coup by fifth columnists, who, whether immediately successful or not, would set up a puppet government and appeal for Axis aid. They might very well be assisted from the very outset by shock troops smuggled into South American harbors aboard Trojan Horse ships—supposedly innocent freighters such as were used in Norway. South American port officials are accustomed to taking the word of honor of a ship's master as to what he has aboard; I am not sure that they yet appreciate the exact value to be placed on a nazi's word of honor.

The putsch would be immediately reinforced from overseas. A strong naval squadron would probably be hovering just below the horizon, ready to rush in to help destroy whatever harbor defenses hold out. Planes would appear almost at once, launched from carriers at sea. Transports would probably be on the spot to land mechanized shock troops once the planes and ships had cleared the way. Other troops could be ferried across the Atlantic on transport planes, once adequate landing places had been seized in Brazil.

And what resistance could the threatened republics put up? In my opinion, next to none. As an officer in the United States merchant marine I have touched at most of the South Atlantic ports of the Americas, and I doubt if there is a harbor defense which could stand up for more than a couple of hours under bombardment by big guns. The combined navies of Brazil and Argentina—Uruguay's is practically extinct—consist of four battleships, four coast defense vessels, four cruisers, twenty-four destroyers, and seven

submarines. This may sound like quite a lot, but a number of these vessels date back to the gay nineties; very few of them are of modern construction. Ashore, Uruguay, Argentina and Brazil might muster some 175,000 first-line troops if they pressed their militarized police into service. These would fight bravely, but with little mechanized equipment. The number of reserves is somewhat indefinite, and probably depends more upon available equipment than manpower. In the air the three nations are negligible compared to the vast armadas of the Axis. Altogether, the military strength of the three republics might be summed up as consisting of brave men—but practically no equipment.

Help from US

There remains, of course, the possibility of help from the United States. We could probably head off any attempted putsch—as we have apparently done in Uruguay—and assist the native government in putting down any revolt which got started. This is supposing that no direct Axis assistance came from overseas. But the case would be far different in the event of an actual invasion. It is quite possible that an Axis lightning attack would succeed in seizing points along the South American coast before we could act. In that case we would have to depend upon our navy to cut off the invaders from their trans-Atlantic bases, while local defense forces, possibly aided by a United States expeditionary column, dealt with the enemy already landed.

Here is where the real job of the Axis navy would come in. It would have the task of seeing to it that the American fleet was unable to cut the Axis supply lines, or attack the nazi-held shore bases. It may be assumed that if the Axis wins the Battle of England, the German-Italian fleet would probably be at least as strong as it is now—with captures from the French and British making up for losses—and that it would soon be made even stronger, as the immense Axis economic machine swung into the production of ships. This would mean that, at the worst, the Axis fleet would have the edge on ours in total strength; at the best it would still be strong enough to force us to move with caution in rushing our fleet to the assistance of South America. If the fleets are fairly evenly matched, there might be a great sea battle off the coast of Brazil. If we are definitely superior, the Axis would probably gather its battlefleet in protected harbors, hoping that we would split up our forces so that they could be attacked in detail. In the meantime enemy submarines and airplanes would harry our squadrons, while commerce raiders of all types would attack our merchant ships wherever they might be found. This would force us to divert some of our strength to convoys, and even the

odds, since a few raiders could force us to use many times their number in convoys.

This presupposes that we would be able to employ our whole fleet in such a war. It is quite likely that the Axis would use its favorite squeeze play with the help of its Japanese friends. The Island Empire would not need to do more than mobilize her fleet and make a lot of threatening speeches—but this would be quite enough to force us to keep a considerable portion of our navy in the Pacific.

Our bases

Furthermore, our rescue operations would be greatly hampered by the distance of the scene of action from our bases. Neither Guantanamo or San Juan, our nearest stations, would be so close to the action as the islands and ports of northwest Africa. A navy operating far from its own bases must detail a considerable portion of its fighting strength to convoying supplies against hostile attack. Ships damaged in action must limp a long way home before they can be repaired and put back into active service. The fleet commander's freedom of action is restricted by his constant need to conserve his fuel supply.

The same handicap would be suffered by our air force. Here again our craft would be operating further from their bases than their foes. Our first act would probably be to seize air bases nearer to the scene of action, but it would be extremely difficult to fit these bases quickly with the necessary shops, barracks, anti-aircraft defenses, supply depots and so forth.

Our naval and air activity should be backed up by a strong expeditionary force—but no such force could be gathered today except by stripping the continental army of the United States. The Marine Corps might form the backbone of such a unit, but it is too small, too lightly armed, and insufficiently mechanized. Furthermore, much of its manpower is scattered over the various naval bases and on the vessels of the fleet, and it would be difficult to mobilize more than a fraction of its strength for an emergency expeditionary force.

All in all, it is clear that southeastern South America is exposed to hostile attack, that it is unable to defend itself, and that our chances of successfully protecting it are highly dubious. Must we then resign ourselves, in case of an Axis victory, to seeing a successful European invasion of this hemisphere, possibly leading up to a direct attack on this country in which the odds would be all against us? Not if we act swiftly and surely to remedy our weaknesses. So long as Britain holds out—and probably for some time longer while the Axis reorganizes its war-torn forces—we have a breathing spell. But we must use it. The Havana declaration I have quoted provides ample justification for the preparation of a com-

prehensive, unified defense plan. This would involve the setting up of some sort of regional military system, under which the general staffs of each area would get together with the military authorities of the United States and prepare a coordinated program involving the common action of all their armed forces in case of a threat against any one of them and implementing the plan with peacetime maneuvers to accustom the various armies and navies to work together. Thus, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil, for example, could work out an exact plan of what to do in case of war, and their fleets and armies could move as one under a unified command. In addition, there should be a provision for the common use of air fields and naval bases. And finally, there should be some sort of an agreement not to recognize any government which called on European assistance—thus laying the groundwork for action against successful fifth columnists.

Cooperation

In direct negotiation with the most threatened countries—Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil—we should work out a plan to provide them with arms, ships, and planes. Their soldiers are brave, their seamen efficient, but both lack weapons—which we can provide. Here again we must move quickly, since it is already reported that Germany has offered the Brazilian Army a large supply of arms to be delivered after the end of the war. We must not quibble about terms; already we have lost precious time by refusing to build South American ships in our government yards. If necessary, we must give them the arms, realizing that an Argentine shooting down a nazi plane is as useful to us as a North American doing the same thing.

We must also make some arrangement for naval and air bases closer to the threatened area. There are a number of ports in Brazil which would be useful. There is Belem, at the mouth of the Amazon, and Recife, just below Cape Branco. Further south, the port of Victoria offers many advantages—it could be easily fortified and the natural harbor is big enough for a large squadron. The harbor of Rio itself is, of course, famous and could be defended without difficulty were big guns planted on the mountain-side. Should a base be desired still further south, there is Rio Grande Do Sul at the entrance to the Patos Lagoon, leading to Puerto Alegre. But despite the need for quick action, we must move carefully in order not to offend Brazilian sensibilities or give our enemies a chance to bring up the old charge of "Yankee imperialism." It might be best not to lease or buy the bases in the usual manner, but to give the Brazilians the funds to do the work themselves, for their own navy, or for a common Pan American force, it being

understood that the bases would be available to us in case of certain specified emergencies. A similar plan might be worked out in developing air bases in this region.

At home, we should develop our military forces with the specific danger in South America in mind. It is important however, that an expeditionary force, strongly armed and heavily mechanized, be organized beforehand and trained in its specialized duties. The navy has already taken steps to equip destroyers and transports for such a job. It might be well to plan to move at least part of the column by air, pressing our large commercial plane fleet into service as troop transports. In any case, the expeditionary troops must be ready to speed southward at the drop of a hat—or a nazi parachutist.

Today the American republics are ready to unite in their common defense as never before. Today they are willing to trust the United States—thanks to Secretary Hull's good neighbor policy—more than ever before. They are eager for prompt, strong action on our part. But the Axis is already doing its best to break up this unity and persuade the Latin American states that the United States is too slow and vacillating to be depended upon. We must act at once or see our opportunity pass by for a generation—perhaps for centuries.

Economic cartels, trade treaties, political pacts—all these are of vital importance. But we must remember that the best treaty ever written is reduced to a mass of meaningless words if one of the participants can be frightened into denouncing it. We must back up our other activities by military preparedness—at once. We must turn the key in the lock of our hemispheric defenses.

I have been to Montevideo many times. Always, as we steamed past Lobos Island and headed toward Monte Carlo I have looked forward to my visit, knowing I was nearing a friendly port, capitol of a friendly nation. Now as I read the news from below the line I wonder if ever again I shall come up the Plate to find a free Uruguay. I hope so. For if Uruguay and its neighbors become vassal states, the first step will have been taken in the conquest of the Americas.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT IS to be hoped that we in this country may receive full and accurate accounts concerning two highly important events now proceeding in Europe, although our hope must necessarily be tempered by our knowledge of how effectually nazi censorship works its wonders to perform, and both the events in question can only be re-

ported, at present, from behind the barrier of that censorship. One event is the trial at Riom, France, by the special court set up by the Pétain government, of the former leaders of the French government and army; the other is the meeting at Fulda, in Germany, of the Catholic hierarchy of that country, to include, for the first time, Cardinal Innitzer and other prelates of Austria, now incorporated in the Third Reich. The statement which may be promulgated by the German hierarchy as a result of their deliberations will have particular interest, but it may well turn out to be the case that the relations between the Church and the Nazi government are still too uncertain to permit the hierarchy at this time to take a clearly defined and positive public stand in regard to those relations.

Thus questions of a fundamental character will probably remain open until the present war has reached its conclusion, or, at any rate, its suspension, on the basis of some sort of truce or armistice. If the Nazis and their allies succeed in winning the sweeping and decisive victory they so strenuously predict, the interests of the Church, not only in Europe, but throughout the world will be deeply affected by the tremendous expansion and consolidation of totalitarian political power seeking, as its innermost essence compels it do, to reduce the universal Church to a subservient instrument of its secular purposes. If, on the other hand, the Nazis are decisively defeated, vast problems of readjustment and reconstruction will face the Church, but it will be able to face its labors and difficulties with its own liberty left intact.

Whenever the spirit of nationalism, or racialism, becomes powerful, so history teaches us, invariably the government affected by such a spirit reaches out to control the influence of the Church within its domains by seeking to control the appointment of the bishops ruling over the spiritual and moral subjects of the Church. Invariably, the Church does all that it is possible to do, according to the circumstances and conditions of each case, to oppose such efforts to control the selection and appointment of the bishops. Even at times, and in nations, when Catholicism was predominant such efforts were made, and were often partially or wholly successful—but what spelled success for the secular ambitions of the governments concerned meant serious troubles for the Church, and the retardation or impairment of its spiritual and moral work. Also, in the long run, it invariably worked serious damage even to the secular interests of the nations in which the power of Caesar waxed inordinate, and usurped prerogatives justly pertaining to the Church. It was so under the later kings of France, especially Louis XIV; it was notoriously the case in Spain, even at a time when the monarchs of that tragic nation most loudly proclaimed its "Catholic" character. At the present time, the Spanish government, it would seem, is striving to re-acquire rights over the selections and appointment of bishops formerly exercised by the kings.

We in the United States owe a great debt of gratitude to the wisdom of the late Cardinal Gibbons and to the present Cardinal of Boston and to the other prelates who labored with such striking success to ward off the one

serious effort made to introduce nationalistic and racial motives into the selection and appointment of the Catholic bishops in this country. It was in or about the year 1884, when such vast streams of foreign Catholics were pouring into this country, that a group of more than eighty German priests petitioned the Pope for his authority and help in perpetuating their native language in the St. Louis diocese. In 1886 they again petitioned Rome that German Catholics in the United States be obliged to join German-speaking parishes and be forbidden to attend parishes where English was employed. Receiving no official support from Rome, in 1887 they organized a society which the same year sent representatives to the conference of the St. Raphael Society, at Lucerne, in Switzerland, where they enlisted the active aid and leadership of the celebrated Peter Paul Cahensly, the Austro-Hungarian minister to the Vatican, and the leader of the St. Raphael Society in Germany and Austria, an organization for promoting Catholic interests among emigrants from those countries. An active propaganda on behalf of the purposes of this movement, known as "Cahenslyism," which aimed at the setting up of separate ecclesiastical organizations in the United States, one for each large community of European Catholics, was promoted.

It needs little imagination, now, to discern what disastrous effects not only for the true interests of the Church in America, but also for the best interests of the nation as a whole, would have resulted had such a plan been successful. It is extremely likely that some such plan will be revived, perhaps first of all in countries like Brazil and the Argentine and other Latin American countries, where there are large and powerful German, Italian and Spanish colonies and interests, dominated by the totalitarian governments of Europe, and later on be introduced into the United States, should the dictatorship governments emerge triumphant from the present war.

It is of course quite certain that the present leaders of the Church in our own country will be as prompt and as positive in squelching such a movement, should it ever manifest itself here, as were Cardinal Gibbons and the other leaders when they suppressed Cahenslyism. There is no doubt that what Cardinal Gibbons said in his famous sermon in 1891, when he conferred the pallium on Archbishop Katzer, in Milwaukee, would be reaffirmed, quite as strongly and as effectually. "Woe to him, my brethren," said the Cardinal, "who would destroy or impair the blessed harmony that reigns among us. Woe to him who would breed dissension among the leaders of Israel by introducing a spirit of nationalism into the camps of the Lord. Brothers we are, whatever may be our nationality, and brothers we shall remain; we will prove to our countrymen that the ties formed by grace and faith are stronger than flesh and blood. This is our watchword—Loyalty to God's Church and to our country—this is our religious and political creed and faith. . . ." It was under that motto that the Cardinal and the hierarchy led and directed the national efforts of American Catholics during the first world war; it will equally inspire and guide the leadership of our hierarchy in our present emergencies and in the still graver problems that may lie ahead.

The Screen

Clear All Decks and Plains for Action, Boys

EVERY now and then Hollywood crashes through with a good old blood-and-thunder adventure film that justifies whatever faith one may have in cinema's ability to excel when it stays within its proved medium. "The Sea Hawk" is such a picture. Warners' sagacious spending of the reputed million-and-a-half budget shows up from every angle. Stunning shots of the English and Spanish galleons, rich sets and sixteenth-century costumes. Erich Wolfgang Korngold's music and Michael Curtiz's direction of the film's star, good supporting cast and hordes of extras will hold you spellbound for two hours and sweep your fancy back to the stirring days of "Good Queen Bess." Howard Koch's and Seton I. Miller's screenplay is a natural for movie material: English Sea Hawks plundering Spanish ships to enrich the coffers of Queen Elizabeth (expertly portrayed by Flora Robson); court intrigue involving the plotting and scheming of ministers, messengers and spies (Claude Rains, Donald Crisp, Henry Daniell); Spanish King Philip's thirst for power that can be quenched only in the English Channel; and, most of all, a romantic figure like Errol Flynn to captain the Sea Hawks, to be loyal to the Queen, to gaze lovesickly into the big, beautiful, cowy, Spanish eyes of Brenda Marshall, to lead his stalwart men (Alan Hale, J. M. Kerrigan, William Lundigan and all the others including an interesting newcomer, David Bruce) into Panama to rob the Spanish, to stand by them and help them escape when they are captured and cruelly set to row as galley slaves, and finally to slash his way in duel after duel through guard and intriguing lords to his Queen with the plans of the ARMADA. Some audiences may find the picture too long or the court scenes talky and detracting from the fast movement, but lovers of adventure and romance will eat up the whole thing from the first exciting sea battle to Elizabeth's final "Rise, Sir Geoffrey."

Continuing in the same school of fast-moving action is our present siege of films about the old bandit days—those days when men were men (and smelled like camels). At the drop of a hat or gun, these Daltons and Jameses became hold-up men who were bad—boy, were they bad!—and always eluded the posse and noose until one fateful day when they got their deserts. Bedlam certainly broke loose "When the Daltons Rode" (directed by George Marshall for Universal). It all started when the Daltons (Broderick Crawford, Brian Donlevy, Stuart Erwin, Frank Albertson) were done out of their land by a crooked holding company. Lawyer Randolph Scott's efforts to help his friends are of no avail. When Ben Dalton accidentally kills a man, the boys band together, soon get blamed for "every crime in the country," are wanted in four states, have a \$15,000 reward on their heads and work like everything to earn their disreputable name. Taking the law in their own hands, they stick up trains, banks, payrolls and what not—all with much hard shooting, excitement and some of cinema's fanciest

riding scenes (many of which are process shots, but they'll take your breath away anyway). The false note, in all this tough stuff and robust humor added by Andy Devine's bulk on a horse, is Kay Francis whose modern (supposedly 1890) costumes and polished nails get the laugh they deserve.

It was inevitable that Twentieth Century-Fox should put Henry Fonda in another film as Frank James—especially after he came so close to stealing "Jesse James" from Tyrone Power when they played the infamous brothers last year. "The Return of Frank James" starts where the other film left off, with sneaky Bob Ford (John Carradine) shooting Jesse in the back. Of course Frank sets out to avenge his brother and creates the film's best excitement in the riding and shooting scenes in which he sticks to his job. But the action is slowed up when a couple of love episodes get in the way. Gene Tierney, from the stage, will have to be given another chance to show what she can do in the cinema. In fact this picture gives none of the cast much of an opportunity, except Henry Fonda and Jackie Cooper who achieve good performances mainly by acting with great restraint. Even Director Fritz Lang doesn't justify himself until the terrifically thrilling finale. Sam Hellman's script, which is on the whole rather weak because it's full of explanations that slack the speed, goes to great pains to exculpate the James boys with "there's no law for poor folks except the point of a gun," and in the big, boringly-long court room scene: "Yes, Frank robbed the railroad—the railroad that killed his mother and brother!" The jury frees Frank—most likely so he can rush right out and kill Ford. But the film insists on keeping our hero's record clean, so Ford kills himself. All this is in Technicolor and includes some swell Missouri and Colorado scenery.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Cooperative Saga

The Story of Tompkinsville. Mary Ellicott Arnold. New York, Cooperative League. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 65c.

THERE IS something highly appropriate in the fact that the first book published by the Cooperative League of the U. S. A. should deal with the venture which is the most spectacular and at the same time the most significant cooperative undertaking on this side of the Atlantic. This may sound extreme but it is simply a factual statement. Ten coal miners whose average wages were but \$800 to \$1,000 a year, by means of cooperative technique, built for their families attractive new homes equipped with modern conveniences and worth more than \$2,000 apiece. They moved out of dingy mining company houses with rickety back fences and barren backyards of baked brown earth and coal dust and began to cultivate the soil for the first time in their hitherto stunted lives. They transformed themselves from idlers at the corner saloon to energetic, ambitious homesteaders.

This little book deals first of all with the human side of the story. It tells of headaches and heartaches, disappointments and triumphs; it gives credit to the dogged courage that these men manifested in launching and carry-

ing through so novel and ambitious a venture. It also tells of the various ways the men helped each other and the struggle they had in the face of breakdowns and discouragement to win out in their race against time.

The second part of the book is even more informative, for it relates at some length the various steps of study and construction from the very beginning until the houses were finished. Week after week the future homesteaders met to discuss the myriad details involved in so complex and unfamiliar an enterprise.

The illustrations in "The Story of Tompkinsville" are worthy of note. There are fine portraits of Father Tompkins and Father Coady who all along have been the moving spirits in the remarkable people's program of St. Francis Xavier University of Antigonish. There are good pictures also of the various stages in construction from the time the men were ready to break ground.

The part that the author played in bringing this about is very much in the background. Her modesty is most appealing but no adequate presentation of the Tompkinsville housing achievement could give Miss Arnold the minor rôle which she seems to assign herself in this book. Without the preliminary training stemming from St. Francis Xavier University—credit unions, cooperative store and growing awareness of the possibilities of consumer cooperation—this feat would hardly have been possible, but on the other hand the actual housing instruction and guidance was hers.

The narrative which details this project step by step together with the appendix which comprises all manner of detail on costs, materials, financing, etc., provides complete data on how to go about a venture of this kind. The story is a convincing one considering the limitations of the printed page. It is hoped that it will fall into the hands of many American social workers, pastors and others vitally concerned with human rehabilitation. "The Story of Tompkinsville" demonstrates that it can be done and shows just how a group comprising an average cross-section of humanity can be inspired and shown how to build their lives anew. It is the next best thing to discussing their achievement with the men and women themselves.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

FICTION

Gypsy, Gypsy. Rumer Godden. Little Brown. \$2.50.
Rose of the Sea. Paul Vialar. Translated by Warre Bradley Wells. Carrick and Evans. \$2.50.

MISS GODDEN achieved some small reputation last year with "Black Narcissus," a book about Anglican nuns in the Himalayas. The fact that Miss Godden knew practically nothing about the principles of monasticism and that her book's structure was predicated largely on this ignorance did not prevent a number of equally ignorant people from praising it excessively.

Miss Godden's second book is less pretentious and is peopled with those almost stock characters which generally inhabit the novels of the talented amateur novelists whose name in England seems legion. There is the neurotic niece, the faded and wicked beauty of an aunt, the French fiancé, the various servants. The fact that the scene is the coast of Normandy seems to make little difference.

What saves the book from complete mediocrity is the aunt's quite conscious design superstitiously to relieve herself of the evil she has done in life, of the evil in her, by creating evil in the lives of other people. It's an

ambitious book and Miss Godden almost pulls it off. Certainly this is a truer, if less sensational novel than her first one, and her flair for creating the mood of a country and giving her reader the feeling of a place is still strong.

Paul Vialar's novel won the last *Prix Femina* before the German invasion of France, his publishers say. Otherwise there is no particular evidence of it in a book utterly devoid of distinction. That outmoded naturalism which some of the younger and a few of the older American novelists rolled in a few years ago is M. Vialar's principal stock in trade. Material and characters which written considerably less than a McFee or a Conrad could have made into a tense and moving story in M. Vialar's hands become merely a weary recital of how a not quite bright young man decided to kill his uncle instead of seven or eight other people. There were several other ways out and the thin plot generally is full of holes. If anyone thinks this is harsh, maybe he could tell me why the crew had to be killed in order for the ship to be successfully sunk with its bogus, heavily insured cargo.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

HISTORY

German Subs in Yankee Waters. Henry J. James. Gotham House. \$3.00.

THE PUBLICATION of this book was well timed. It tells the story of the ravages wrought off our coast in 1918 by German's submarine cruisers, and summarizes the sinkings of Allied and neutral ships prior to the inauguration of unrestricted submarine warfare. The latter is pretty well known, but the first part will be a distinct surprise to most of us.

To be sure, our navy was busy elsewhere during that period and Germany failed in its first objective, which was to force us to withdraw part of our fleet from abroad. But the second objective, to break up the fishing fleets and to terrorize and sink coastal shipping, was accomplished without the loss of a submarine. The toll claimed by six submarines operating thirty-four hundred miles from port was one hundred and two ships and four hundred and thirty-five lives.

This is not a story of atrocities. It does not glorify the submarine commanders as some others have sought to do. It is a simple statement of war-time accomplishment which should be better known today.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

The Story of the Pacific. Hendrik Willem van Loon. Harcourt. \$3.00.

THIS BOOK is much more than a story of the Pacific. It is something of a hodge-podge of Mr. van Loon's reflections on his childhood, the Spanish Colonial Empire, the Catholic Church, etc., etc. It is written in flippant, discursive and careless style. The historical background is often hopelessly out of date. The author's evaluation of Spain's colonial system is no longer held by reputable historians. Surely he is wrong, too, in saying that the French have no gift for colonization. He is less than fair to the achievement of Magellan and it is incredible that a writer of Van Loon's attainments still believes that the world of 1522 thought the world was flat. Yet he says Magellan's voyage forced the theologians to concede that it was round.

With regard to the amazing voyages of native peoples of the South Seas he has no further information to give. He revives the old calumnies about the work of the missionaries, actually stating that the savages were forced

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to wear "Mother Hubbards" by the missionaries and that as a consequence, they sickened and died! This writer happens to know that the Marist fathers buy many thousands of yards of cloth each year with which they provide loin-cloths for the natives of their missions! And he has yet to meet a visitor to the South Seas who saw the natives wandering around in white nightgowns, except on a few Protestant missions. The decay of the native peoples is rather the fault of the trader, certainly not of the missionary.

WALTER JOHN MARX.

WAR
Paris France. Gertrude Stein. Scribner's. \$1.75.

IN MANY WAYS this is the most stimulating book Miss Stein has given us—a book in which she is vastly more interested in her subject than in herself. And like everybody else, in loving something more than herself she finds all that is best in herself.

She was always a subtle observer, and now it is possible to tell with a certain simplicity just what she is observing. A few superficial eccentricities of style remain—the erratic use or disuse of capitals and punctuation which go along with the "stream of consciousness" style of writing. But most of the time she is so strongly stirred that she forgets all the little exoticisms except those which have become habitual. She has come to realize, for instance, that surrealism "wanted publicity, not civilisation"; and what she is concerned with is the nature of French civilization. Sometimes her comments are on the Frenchman, always interested in ideas, always dependent upon his mother or some older woman who represents civilization to him; or on the Frenchwoman who—unlike her American sister who rises magnificently to a crisis—sees that the crisis itself does not arise; or on the French farmer, tired of crises, political or otherwise, and eager to go back to his fields. There are delightfully discriminating little detours on the history of French cooking, both Parisian and provincial, and on French dogs—the native ones which are useful and the imported ones which are fashionable and can be spoiled with impunity, as children cannot. And there is a penetrating observation on the French soldier, who complains of no hardship except sleeping on straw; and then "it is not the discomfort, it is the destruction of civilization that he resents."

Gertrude Stein has, of course, lived long in France and she knows whereof she speaks in describing its life and its people as at once *exciting and peaceful*. Her book, written during the days of mobilization and published on the day Hitler's army entered Paris, knows whereof it speaks in declaring "The French understand war because they are logical, they do not care to go to war because they are logical, and to be logical is to be Latin." . . . But something unforeseen, yet logical enough in the twentieth century—the totality of German mechanized warfare—came upon them, and it was not civilized and they fell before it. . . . Even without knowing French religion very well Miss Stein can still insist: "Revolutions come and revolutions go, fashions come and fashions go, logic and civilization remain and with it the family and the soil of France."

That is why those of us who know and love France not only salute her civilization in this hour of its humiliation and seeming eclipse. We believe also that its gift to the world is something no war and no humiliation can extinguish.

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In the Groove

IN THE Pennsylvania hills where I now write—I could almost, I believe, hurl a ten-inch disc to the *Catholic Worker* farm at Easton—I have been playing quantities of popular records, but very few symphonic works, on a rather coarse-toned table phonograph. The scarcity of serious music results from an aggravation of your groove-man's periodic lot. The large record makers simply do not send out review copies in profusion, save to journals of the largest circulation. I cannot write of Victor's new recording of Stravinsky's *Capriccio*, by Jesús María Sanroma and the Boston Symphony, or its set of songs by Gladys Swarthout, or Schubert's *Moments Musicaux* by Artur Schnabel. Nor of any Columbia albums of the month; for some reason my modest order has not yet been delivered.

My Victor choices were Haydn's *Symphony No. 92* ("Oxford"), played by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Bruno Walter (album M-682, \$5), and Dvorak's *Quartet No. 6* ("American"), by the Budapest String Quartet (album M-681, \$6.50). The Paris orchestra is really fine, if lightly recorded, and Walter's interpretation of this symphony—written when Papa Haydn took an honorary degree at Oxford—is delightful. The Dvorak quartet, sounding often like a dress-rehearsal for the "New World" Symphony, and just as slightly American, receives brilliant treatment at the hands of the tonally-opulent Budapest quartet. Among Victor single discs: Grace Moore singing two of her specialties, the big aria from *Louise* and the charming first-act one from *La Bohème* (17189, \$2). . . . Kirstin Thorborg's beautiful contralto in its American disc debut, in Schubert's *Hark, Hark the Lark*, Brahms's *Sapphic Ode* and Hugo Wolf's *Weyla's Song* (16969, \$2). . . . Constant Lambert conducting the London Philharmonic in Auber's overture to *Crown Diamonds*, one of a charming series of Nineteenth Century operatic overtures (12806, \$1.50). . . . Delius's evocative *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring*, well played by the same team (4496, \$1).

Victor's dollar discs continue to be excellent buys for those whose record libraries are not of the big collectors' type. The London Symphony under Pablo Casals gives a good account of Brahms's noble *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*. The dances from *Prince Igor*, the march from the same opera and the polonaise from *Eugen Onegin* are played with tonal excellence by the London Philharmonic under Eugene Goossens, and the BBC symphony under "bald, beaky, bolt-upright" (as *Time* calls him) Sir Adrian Boult. The London Philharmonic and an un-named orchestra, led respectively by Sir Landon Ronald and John Barbirolli, play Grieg's *Lyric Suite* and *Homage March*—average Grieg, which is not to my taste. Nor have I ever liked that serenade, *Siegfried Idyll*, which Richard Wagner composed for Cosima and their son. But it gets one of its best performances to date by the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter. All of the foregoing are \$3.25 album sets.

Decca has launched an interesting series of exotic music played by Nicolas Matthey and his Oriental Orchestra. Following upon Armenian, Turkish and Caucasian sets, we have *Persian Folk Songs and Dances* (album 107, \$1.90). Many of these are extremely beautiful; many seem to suggest that Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff did not dress up Persian themes, when

they used them symphonically, as much as one might have thought. I am struck by Persia's (Decca ignores Iran and so shall I) Spanish-sounding cadences and rhythms. Lacking works of reference here in the country, I can only conclude that there must be a common Moslem ancestor. As exotic as the Persian album is Decca's set of Rumanian tunes, played on the "Pipes of Pan" by Georges Stefanescu, to the accompaniment of Matthey's orchestra (album 119, \$2.50). Stefanescu's bundle of shepherd pipes, which has entertained diners at the New York World's Fair, embroiders gypsy tunes with showers of chirps, roulades and runs.

Ernesto Lecuona is a Cuban whose works (notably the *Malagueña* and *Andalucia*) have attained great popularity. Decca presents a Lecuona album (141, \$2.75), which I find rather undistinguished, played by Harry Horlick and the Decca Concert Orchestra. Decca's best album of the month is a collection of excerpts from George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, magnificently recorded by Todd Duncan, baritone, Anne Brown, soprano, the Eva Jessye Choir and the Decca Symphony under Alexander Smallens (album 145, \$4.50). Here are the haunting *Summertime*, the jolly *I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'* and *It Ain't Necessarily So*, and other Gershwin tunes which sometimes rise to genuine operatic heights.

People who beat a path to the Greenwich Village haunt where "The Boys," as they are known to their followers, set forth the only notable jazz to be heard around New York this summer will want to hear Decca's album of *Fashions in Swing* (133, \$2.50), a group of pieces made famous in 1924 by the Wolverines. "The Boys" are, of course, Bud Freeman and his Summa Cum Laude Orchestra, best exponents of Chicago jazz. From the start their inspiration has been the Wolverines, which included the greatest jazz-man of all time, "Bix" Beiderbecke. This album gets going with *Fidgety Feet*, with some fine clarinet work by Pee Wee Russell, trumpet by Max Kaminsky, valve trombone by Brad Gowans.

Joe Bushkin, pianist with the Muggsy Spanier band, produces an inspired solo in *I Can't Get Started*, backed by his *Serenade in Thirds* (Commodore 532). On the Commodore list, Coleman Hawkins plays up to his great artistic level, for the first time since his return to the US, in *I Surrender Dear* (1506) and *Dedication* (533). Listen for the beautiful trumpet work of Roy Eldridge and Benny Carter on the alto saxophone.

An interesting re-pressing for jazz addicts is King Oliver's *Shake It and Break It*, recorded in 1930 (Bluebird 10707). For sentimental hot music: the Mills Brothers singing *My Gal Sal* (Decca 3225). For dancing: *No Name Jive*, Gene Krupa's version (Columbia 35508). Also recommended: *She's Crying for Me* by Wingy Manone (Bluebird 10773). . . . Bob Crosby's *All By Myself* (Decca 3248). . . . Coleman Hawkins's *My Blue Heaven* (Bluebird 10770). . . . A nice sentimental ballad, *I'll Never Smile Again*, by Tommy Dorsey (Victor 26628). . . . Walter Gross playing *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*, with more deference to Chopin (who of course wrote the tune) than is usually accorded (Bluebird 10795). . . . Gene Krupa's *Blue Rhythm Fantasy* (Okeh—Columbia's revival of an old and good label—5627). . . . Two versions, on the same disc, of a fine tune, *Chloe*, by John Kirby and Horace Henderson (Okeh 5632). . . . Duke Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady* and *Stormy Weather* (Columbia 35556).

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The Inner Forum

OVER THE LABOR DAY WEEKEND the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists will hold their "first national convention" at Cleveland, Ohio. The meeting will open at the Hotel Allerton, August 31, with the registration of delegates. At 2 the convention will be called to order and Earl J. Krock, president of the Cleveland ACTU, will deliver the address of welcome. Father Aloysius Bartko, chaplain of the Cleveland chapter, will deliver the invocation. The rest of the afternoon will be devoted to such administrative matters as roll-call, committee appointments, chapter reports and committee reports. Then Martin Wersing, first president of the ACTU, will make the keynote address. That evening there will be a convention ball at the Hotel Allerton.

Archbishop Schrembs of Cleveland will be the celebrant of a pontifical Mass for the delegates at the Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist, Sunday, September 1. Monsignor John A. Ryan, director of the Social Action Department of the NCWC, will preach the sermon. At the Communion breakfast which follows, the delegates will hear Paul Weber of the Detroit ACTU, Thomas A. Lenehan, Secretary of the Cleveland Federation of Labor (AFL); Thomas F. Burns, Vice-president of the United Rubber Workers of America (CIO); a representative of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen (the third major American labor union group), and Father Raymond S. Clancy, chaplain of the Detroit chapter. The election of officers will take place on Sunday afternoon.

Labor Day morning a Workingmen's Mass will be celebrated in the Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist by Archbishop Schrembs, with Father John P. Monaghan, chaplain of the New York ACTU, preaching the sermon. Executive meetings and final committee reports will bring the convention to a close. Since its establishment in New York some three and a half years ago, the ACTU has founded chapters in some twenty centers including Akron, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Newark, Pittsburgh and San Francisco. It operates a number of union member schools to develop union leadership and a Christian social outlook. It publishes *The Labor Leader* bi-weekly in New York as well as local chapter publications. It has made its influence felt in the Transport Workers' Union and Consolidated Edison elections, fought racketeering in Teamster and Longshoremen's unions and taken part in important strikes.

CONTRIBUTORS

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